RETALIATION:

A

POEM.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

PRICE, TWO SHILLINGS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 63
MAY

RETALIATION;

A

POEM.

CONTAINING

EPITAPHS

ON

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
EDMUND BURKE, Esq.
Dr. CUMBERLAND,

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
Dr. DOUGLAS,
The Dean of DERRY, *&c. &c.*

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

THE EIGHTH EDITION, WITH LARGE ADDITIONS.

PARTICULARLY,

The HERMIT,
The GIFT,

ESSAY on FRIENDSHIP,
SABINUS and OLINDA.

AND SEVERAL OTHER PIECES.

ALL WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE:

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

LONDON:
Printed for G. KEARSLY, at No. 46, near Serjeants-Inn, in Fleet-ſtreet.
M DCC LXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM
MAY
15
63

The PUBLISHER received the following Note with the Manuſcript of RETALIATION.

TO

Mr. GEORGE KEARSLY,

BOOKSELLER, in FLEET-STREET.

SIR,

I Send you an authentic copy of the laſt poetic Production of the late Doctor GOLDSMITH; *of which I recommend an early publication, to prevent ſpurious Editions being uſhered into the world.——The Doctor belonged to a Club of* Beaux Eſprits, *where Wit ſparkled ſometimes at the expence of Good-nature.—It was propoſed to write Epitaphs on him; his Country, Dialect and Perſon, furniſhed ſubjects of Witticiſms; He was called on for* Retaliation, *and at their next meeting he produced the following Poem, which I think adds one Leaf to his immortal Wreath.*

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Some

Some ACCOUNT of the LIFE of the late OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Roſcommon in Ireland, in the year 1731. His father, who poſſeſſed a ſmall eſtate in that county, had nine ſons, of which Oliver was the third. He was originally intended for the church; and with that view, after being well inſtructed with the claſſics, was, with his brother the Rev. Henry Goldſmith, placed in Trinity College, Dublin, about the latter end of the year 1749. In this ſeminary of learning he continued a few years, when he took a Bachelor's degree; but his brother, not being able to obtain any preferment after he left the College, Oliver, by the advice of Dean Goldſmith of Cork, turned his thoughts to the profeſſion of phyſic, and, after attending ſome courſes of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh in the year 1751, where he ſtudied the ſeveral branches of medicine under the different Profeſſors in that Univerſity, which was deſervedly ranked among the firſt ſchools of phyſic in Europe. His beneficent diſpoſition ſoon involved him in unexpected difficulties, and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in conſequence of engaging himſelf to pay a conſiderable ſum of money for a fellow-ſtudent.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcaſtle, where he was arreſted at the ſuit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom he had given ſecurity for his friend. By the good graces of Laughlin Maclane, Eſq; and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college, he was ſoon delivered out of the hands of the Bailiff, and took his paſſage on board a Dutch ſhip to Rotterdam, where, after a ſhort ſtay, he proceeded to Bruſſels. He then viſited great part of Flanders, and, after paſſing ſome time at Straſbourg and Lovain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Phyſic, he accompanied an Engliſh gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly fact, that this ingenious, unfortunate man, made moſt part of his tour on foot! He had left England with very little money, and, being of a philoſophical turn, and at that time poſſeſſing a body capable of ſuſtaining every fatigue, and a heart not eaſily terrified at danger, he became an enthuſiaſt to the deſign he had formed.

formed of ſeeing the manners of different countries. He had ſome knowledge of the French language, and of muſic; he played tolerably well on the German flute; which, from an amuſement, became at ſome times the means of ſubſiſtence. His learning produced him an hoſpitable reception at moſt of the religious houſes, and his muſic made him welcome to the peaſants of Flanders and Germany. 'Whenever I approached a peaſant's houſe towards night-fall,' he uſed to ſay, 'I played one of my moſt merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but ſubſiſtence for the next day: but in truth,' his conſtant expreſſion, 'I muſt own, whenever I attempted to entertain perſons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to pleaſe them.'

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper perſon for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a conſiderable ſum of money by his uncle Mr. S——. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune determined to ſee the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviſo, that he ſhould be permitted to govern himſelf; and our traveller ſoon found his pupil underſtood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing paſſion.

During Goldſmith's continuance in Switzerland, he aſſiduouſly cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given ſome ſtriking proofs at the college of Edinburgh. It was from hence he ſent the firſt ſketch of his delighful epiſtle, called the Traveller, to his brother the clergyman in Ireland, who, giving up fame and fortune, had retired, with an amiable wife, to happineſs and obſcurity, on an income of only 40l. a year.

From Geneva Mr. Goldſmith and his pupil viſited the ſouth of France, where the young man, upon ſome diſagreement with his preceptor, paid him the ſmall part of his ſalary which was due, and embarked at Marſeilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and paſſed through a number of difficulties in traverſing the greateſt part of France. At length his curioſity being gratified, he bent his courſe towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were ſo low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to this metropolis, his whole ſtock of caſh amounting to no more than a few halfpence! An entire ſtranger in London, his mind was filled with the moſt gloomy reflections in conſequence of his embarraſſed ſituation! He applied to ſeveral apothecaries in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman, but his broad Iriſh accent, and the uncouthneſs of his appearance, occaſioned him to meet with inſult from moſt of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymiſt near Fiſh-ſtreet, ſtruck with his forlorn condition, and the ſimplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued 'till he diſcovered his old friend Doctor Sleigh was in London. This gentleman received him with the warmeſt affection, and liberally invited him to ſhare his purſe till ſome eſtabliſhment could be procured for him. Goldſmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a ſhort time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to aſſiſt the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in inſtructing the young gentlemen at the Academy at Peckham; and acquitted himſelf greatly to the Doctor's ſatisfaction for a ſhort time; but, having obtained ſome reputation by the criticiſms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffiths, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, reſolving to purſue the profeſſion of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were ſure of meeting diſtinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the ſtricteſt œconomy, and took lodgings in Green Arbour-court in the Old Bailey, where he wrote ſeveral ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young Author, and introduced him as one of the writers in the Public Ledger, in which his Citizen of the World originally appeared, under the title of 'Chineſe Letters.'

Fortune now ſeemed to take ſome notice of a man ſhe had long neglected. The ſimplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of reſpectable perſons, and he emerged from his ſhabby apartments near the Old Bailey to the politer air of the Temple, where he took handſome chambers, and lived in a genteel ſtyle. The publication of his Traveller, his Vicar of Wakefield, and his Letters on the Hiſtory of England, was followed by the performance of his

comedy of The Good-natured Man at Covent-Garden Theatre, and placed him in the firſt rank of the poets of the preſent age.

Our Doctor, as he was now univerſally called, had a conſtant levee of his diſtreſt countrymen; whoſe wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved, and he has been often known to leave himſelf even without a guinea, in order to ſupply the neceſſities of others!

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his Deſerted Village, the Bookſeller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who obſerved it was a very great ſum for ſo ſhort a performance. 'In truth,' replied Goldſmith, 'I think ſo too, it is much more than the honeſt man can afford, or the piece is worth, I have not been eaſy ſince I received it; therefore I will go back and return him his note;' which he abſolutely did, and left it entirely to the Bookſeller, to pay him according to the profits produced by the ſale of the poem, which turned out very conſiderable.

During the laſt rehearſal of his comedy, intitled, She Stoops to Conquer, which Mr. Colman had no opinion would ſucceed, on the Doctor's objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Lumpkin's ſpeeches, being apprehenſive it might injure the play, the Manager, with great keenneſs replied, 'Pſha, my dear Doctor, do not be fearful of *ſquibs*, when we have been ſitting almoſt theſe two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*.' The piece, however, contrary to Mr. Colman's expectation, was received with uncommon applauſe by the audience; and Goldſmith's pride was ſo hurt by the ſeverity of the above obſervation, that it entirely put an end to his friendſhip for the gentleman who made it.

Notwithſtanding the great ſucceſs of his pieces, by ſome of which, it is aſſerted, upon good authority, he cleared 1800l. in one year, his circumſtances were by no means in a proſperous ſituation! partly owing to the liberality of his diſpoſition, and partly to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming, the arts of which he knew very little of, and conſequently became the prey of thoſe who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

Juſt before his death he had formed a deſign for executing an Univerſal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the proſpectus of which he actually printed and diſtributed among his acquaintance. In this work ſeveral of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Beauclerc, and Mr. Garrick) had engaged to furniſh him with articles upon different ſubjects. He had entertained the moſt ſanguine expectations from the ſucceſs of it. The undertaking, however, did not meet with that encouragement from the Bookſellers which he had imagined it would undoubtedly receive; and he uſed to lament this circumſtance almoſt to the laſt hour of his exiſtence.

He had been for ſome years afflicted, at different times, with a violent ſtrangury, which contributed not a little to imbitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he ſuffered upon other occaſions, brought on a kind of habitual deſpondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, being improperly treated, terminated in his diſſolution on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the forty-third year of his age. His friends, who were very numerous and reſpectable, had determined to bury him in Weſtminſter-abbey, where a tablet was to have been erected to his memory. His pall was to have been ſupported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but from ſome unaccountable circumſtances this deſign was dropped, and his remains were privately depoſited in the Temple burial-ground.

As to his character, it is ſtrongly illuſtrated by Mr. Pope's line;

"In wit a man, ſimplicity a child."

The learned leiſure he loved to enjoy was too often interrupted by diſtreſſes which aroſe from the openneſs of his temper, and which ſometimes threw him into loud fits of paſſion; but this impetuoſity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and his ſervants have been known, upon theſe occaſions, purpoſely to throw themſelves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after; for he who had the good fortune to be reproved was certain of being rewarded for it. His diſappointments at other times made him peeviſh and ſullen, and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the even-

ing,

ing, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes. A circumſtance which contributed not a little to the encreaſe of his malady.

The univerſal eſteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleaſure they give in the peruſal, is a ſtriking teſt of their merit. He was a ſtudious and correct obſerver of nature, happy in the ſelection of his images, in the choice of his ſubjects, and in the harmony of his verſification; and, though his embarraſſed ſituation prevented him from putting the laſt hand to many of his productions, his Hermit, his Traveller, and his Deſerted Village, bid fair to claim a place among the moſt finiſhed pieces in the Engliſh language.

The writer of theſe Anecdotes cannot conclude without declaring, that as different accounts have been given of this ingenious man, theſe are all founded upon facts, and collected by one who lived with him upon the moſt friendly footing for a great number of years, and who never felt any ſorrow more ſenſibly than that which was occaſioned by his death.

RE-

RETALIATION:

A POEM.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united;
If our (*a*) landlord ſupplies us with beef and with fiſh,
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:
Our (*b*) Dean ſhall be veniſon, juſt freſh from the plains;
Our (*c*) Burke ſhall be tongue, with a garniſh of brains;

(*a*) The Maſter of the St. James's Coffee-houſe, where the Doctor, and the Friends he has characterized in this Poem, held an occaſional Club.

(*b*) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(*c*) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greateſt orators in this kingdom.

Our (*d*) Will ſhall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And (*e*) Dick with his pepper ſhall heighten their ſavour:
Our (*f*) Cumberland's ſweet-bread its place ſhall obtain,
And (*g*) Douglas is pudding, ſubſtantial and plain:
Our (*h*) Garrick's a ſallad, for in him we ſee
Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſaltneſs agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That (*i*) Ridge is anchovy, and (*k*) Reynolds is lamb;
That (*l*) Hickey's a capon, and by the ſame rule,
Magnanimous Goldſmith, a gooſberry-fool.

(*d*) Mr. William Burke, late ſecretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

(*e*) Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada, no leſs remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Edmund Burke is juſtly diſtinguiſhed in all the branches of uſeful and polite literature.

(*f*) Author of the Weſt Indian, Faſhionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

(*g*) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *ſound Critic*, in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and *Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes*.

(*h*) David Garrick, Eſq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane. For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem.

(*i*) Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar, the *reliſh* of whoſe agreeable and pointed converſation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above ſauce.

(*k*) Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Preſident of the Royal Academy.

(*l*) An eminent Attorney, whoſe hoſpitality and good-humour have acquired him, in this Club, the title of 'honeſt Tom Hickey.' X

At

X Thus of Foker 'twas ſaid - "Honeſt Jock - a good creature"
But we've found him a Villain by art and by Nature.

At a dinner ſo various, at ſuch a repaſt,
Who'd not be a glutton, and ſtick to the laſt?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good (*m*) Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At leaſt, in ſix weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That Sly-boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good (*n*) Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet ſtraining his throat,
To perſuade (*o*) Tommy Townſend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;

(*m*) Vide page 1. (*n*) Ibid. (*o*) Mr. T. Townſend, Member for Whitchurch.

Tho'

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, diſobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to purſue the *expedient*.
In ſhort, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honeſt (*p*) William, whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along,
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipſy, the chariot drove home;
Would you aſk for his merits, alas! he had none;
What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at,
Alas, that ſuch frolic ſhould now be ſo quiet!
What ſpirits were his, what wit and what whim,
(*q*) Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb;

(*p*) Vide page 2.

(*q*) Mr. Richard Burke; *vide* page 2. This gentleman having ſlightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on thoſe accidents, as a kind of *retributive* juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.

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Now

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In ſhort, ſo provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wiſh'd him full ten times a-day at Old Nick,
But miſſing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.

Here (*r*) Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being ſo fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies ſo loſt in a croud
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?

(*r*) Vide page 2.

Say was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out mens virtues, and finding them few,
Quite ſick of purſuing each troubleſome elf,
He grew lazy at laſt, and drew from himſelf ?

Here (*s*) Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,
The ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the ſpot where your tyrant reclines:
When Satire and Cenſure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your ſafety, I fear'd for my own.
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our (*t*) Dodds ſhall be pious, our (*u*) Kenricks ſhall lecture;
(*x*) Macpherſon write bombaſt, and call it a ſtyle,
Our (*y*) Townſhend make ſpeeches, and I ſhall compile;

(*s*) Vide page 2.

(*t*) The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

(*u*) Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakeſpeare.'

(*x*) James Macpherſon, Eſq; who lately, from the mere *force of his ſtyle*, wrote down the firſt poet of all antiquity.

(*y*) Vide page 3.

New (*z*) Lauders and Bowers the Tweed ſhall croſs over,
No countryman living their tricks to diſcover;
Detection her taper ſhall quench to a ſpark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies (*a*) David Garrick, deſcribe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleaſant in man;
As an actor, confeſt without rival to ſhine;
As a wit, if not firſt, in the very firſt line:
Yet, with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he ſpread,
And beplaiſter'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:
Tho' ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,
If they were not his own by fineſſing and trick:
He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whiſtle them back.

(*z*) Vide page 2. (*a*) Ibid.

Of praiſe a mere glutton, he ſwallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he miſtook it for fame;
'Till his reliſh grown callous, almoſt to diſeaſe,
Who pepper'd the higheſt, was ſureſt to pleaſe.
But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye (*b*) Kenricks, ye (*c*) Kellys, and (*d*) Woodfalls ſo grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
How did Grub-ſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd,
While he was beroſcius'd, and you were beprais'd!
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the ſkies:
Thoſe poets, who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakeſpeare, receive him, with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here (*e*) Hickey reclines, a moſt blunt, pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good-nature:

(*b*) Vide page 6.

(*c*) Hugh Kelly, Eſq; Author of Falſe Delicacy, Word to the Wiſe, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

(*d*) Mr. William Woodfall, Printer of the Morning Chronicle.

(*e*) Vide page 2.

He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may aſk if the man was a miſer?
I anſwer, no, no, for he always was wiſer;
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt? ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a ſpecial attorney.

Here (*f*) Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiſer or better behind;
His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering,
When they judg'd without ſkill he was ſtill hard of hearing:

(*f*) Vide page 2.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his (*g*) trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

(g) Sir Joſhua Reynolds is ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company; he is, at the ſame time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of ſnuff: his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time deſcribed, muſt be allowed, by thoſe who have been witneſſes of ſuch a ſcene, to be as happily given upon *paper*, as that great Artiſt himſelf, perhaps, could have exhibited upon *canvas*.

POST

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the Fourth Edition of this Poem was printed, the Publiſher received an Epitaph on Mr. (*a*) Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldſmith, incloſed in a letter, of which the following is an abſtract.

" I have in my poſſeſſion a ſheet of paper, containing near forty " lines in the Doctor's own hand-writing : there are many ſcattered, " broken verſes, on Sir Joſ. Reynolds, Counſellor Ridge, Mr. (*b*) " Beauclerk, and Mr. Whitefoord. The Epitaph on the laſt- " mentioned gentleman is the only one that is finiſhed, and there- " fore I have copied it, that you may add it to the next edition. It " is a ſtriking proof of Doctor Goldſmith's good-nature. I ſaw this " ſheet of paper in the Doctor's room, five or ſix days before he " died; and, as I had got all the other Epitaphs, I asked him if I " might take it. " *In truth you may, my Boy,* (replied he) *for it* " *will be of no uſe to me where I am going.*"

(*a*) Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, Author of many humorous Eſſays.

(*b*) Topham Beauclerk, Eſq; well known in the polite world as a ſcholar, a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

HERE

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Tho' he *merrily* liv'd, he is now a (*c*) *grave* man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who reliſh'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whoſe temper was generous, open, ſincere;
A ſtranger to flatt'ry, a ſtranger to fear;
Who ſcatter'd around wit and humour at will,
Whoſe daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free,
A ſcholar, yet ſurely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that ſo lib'ral a mind
Should ſo long be to news-paper eſſays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the ſummit of ſcience could ſoar,
Yet content "if the table he ſet on a roar;"
Whoſe talents to fill any ſtation were fit,
Yet happy if *(d) Woodfall* confeſs'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper witlings! ye pert ſcribbling folks!
Who copied his ſquibs, and re-echoed his jokes;

(*c*) Mr. W. was ſo notorious a punſter, that Doctor Goldſmith uſed to ſay it was impoſſible to keep him company, without being *infected* with the *itch* of *punning*.

(*d*) Mr. H. S. Woodfall, Printer of the Public Advertiſer.

Ye

Ye tame imitators, ye ſervile herd come,
Still follow your maſter, and viſit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you feſtoons of the vine,
And copious libations beſtow on his ſhrine;
Then ſtrew all around it (you can do no leſs)
(*e*) *Croſs-readings*, *Ship-news*, and *Miſtakes* of the *Preſs*.

Merry Whitefoord, farewel! for *thy* ſake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almoſt ſaid wit:
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuſe,
"Thou beſt humour'd man with the worſt humour'd muſe."

(*e*) Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under thoſe titles in the Public Advertiſer.

From Doctor Barnard Dean of Derry to Dr. Goldsmith & Mr. Cumberland on the Poem of Retaliation

Dear Noll & Dear Dick since you've made us so merry
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry
Tho' I here must confess that your meat & your wine
Are not quite to my taste tho' they're both very fine.
For Sherry's a liquor monastic you own
Now there's nothing I hate so as living alone.
It may do for your monks, or your curates & vicars
But for my part I'm fond of more sociable liquors
Your Venison's delicious tho' too sweet the sauce is
"Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis".
So soon as you please you may send me your dish up,
But instead of your Sherry pray make me a
"Bishop".

On Doctr. Goldsmith's characteristic Cookery. A Jeu d' Esprit by David Garrick Esqre

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us
Is this the great poet whose works so content us
This Goldsmith's fine feast who has written fine Cooks
Heaven sends us fine meat but the Devil sends Cooks.

THE HERMIT.

" TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way
" To where yon taper chears the vale
" With hoſpitable ray.

" For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
" With fainting ſteps and ſlow,
" Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread
" Seem length'ning as I go."

" Forbear, my ſon," the Hermit cries,
" To tempt the dang'rous gloom,
" For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houſeleſs child of Want
" My door is open ſtill:
" And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will:

" Then turn to night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing, and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free
" To ſlaughter I condemn;
" Taught by that Power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring:
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch,
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd,
And, ſkill'd in legendary's lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
With anſw'ring care oppreſt,
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

" From better habitations ſpurn'd,
" Reluctant doſt thou rove?
" Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
" Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
" Are trifling, and decay;
" And thoſe who prize the paltry things
" More trifling ſtill than they.

" And what is Friendſhip but a name
" A charm that lulls to ſleep,
" A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
" And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And

" And Love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
" The modern fair one's jeſt,
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtles neſt.

" For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

" And ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd,
" Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where Heaven and you reſide.

" But

" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom Love has taught to ſtray;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy Lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms
" Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth or power had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had;
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart
" I triumph'd in his pain;

" Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride,
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn
" In ſecret, where he died.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay,
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay—

" And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven !" the Hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt;
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
" My charmer, turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And every care reſign;
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE GIFT.

To IRIS, *in* BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring ſhall I make
Expreſſive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry Fair One prize
The gift, who ſlights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em.
If gems, or gold, import a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown roſe,
Or roſe-bud more in faſhion;
Such ſhort-liv'd off'rings but diſcloſe
A tranſitory paſſion.

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
Not leſs ſincere, than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—*to the devil.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE *to the* SISTERS.

WHAT, five long acts—and all to make us wiſer!
Our Authoreſs ſure has wanted an adviſer.
Had ſhe conſulted me, ſhe ſhould have made
Her moral play a ſpeaking maſquerade;
Warm'd up each buſtling ſcene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the Green-room on the Stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from ſinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and ſav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, ſince ſhe thus has ſhewn her want of ſkill,
What if I gave a Maſquerade?—I will.
But how! Ay, there's the rub! [*pauſing*]—I've got my cue:
The world's a maſquerade! the maſquers you, you, you.
[*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud! what a groupe the motley ſcene diſcloſes!
Falſe wits, falſe wives, falſe virgins, and falſe ſpouſes!
Stateſmen with bridles on; and cloſe beſide 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd ſuits that ride 'em.

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raiſe a flame in Cupids of threeſcore.
Theſe in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deſerting fifty, faſten on fifteen.
Miſs, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her ſampler, and takes up the woman:
The little urchin ſmiles, and ſpreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere ſhe's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and conſtant care
Is to ſeem ev'ry thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry ſpark, I fix my eyes on,
Who ſeems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and ſwears, with round parade,
Looking, as who ſhould ſay, Dam'me! who's afraid? [*Mimicking*.
Strip but this vizor off, and ſure I am
You'll find his lionſhip a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps to vulgar eyes beſtrides the ſtate;
Yet when he deigns his real ſhape t' aſſume,
He turns old woman, and beſtrides a broom.
Yon patriot too, who preſſes on your ſight,
And ſeems to ev'ry gazer, all in white,

If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man is black!
Yon critic too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well then a truce, ſince ſhe requeſts it too:
Do you ſpare her, and I'll for once ſpare you.

EPI-

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my Lord, for your Veniſon, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a foreſt, or ſmoak'd in a platter;
The Haunch was a picture for Painters to ſtudy,
The fat was ſo white, and the lean was ſo ruddy.
Tho' my ſtomach was ſharp, I could ſcarce help regretting,
To ſpoil ſuch a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my Chambers, to place it in view,
To be ſhewn to my Friends as a piece of *Virtu*;

As in ſome *Iriſh* houſes, where things are ſo ſo,
One Gammon of Bacon hangs up for a ſhow:
But for eating a Raſher of what they take pride in,
They'd as ſoon think of eating the Pan it is fry'd in.
But hold---let me pauſe---Don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the Bacon's a damnable Bounce;
Well, ſuppoſe it a Bounce---ſure a Poet may try,
By a Bounce now and then, to get Courage to fly:
But, my Lord, it's no Bounce: I proteſt in my Turn,
It's a Truth---and your Lordſhip may aſk Mr. *Burn*.
To go on with my Tale---as I gaz'd on the Haunch,
I thought of a Friend that was truſty and ſtaunch,
So I cut it, and ſent it to *Reynolds* undreſt,
To paint it, or eat it, juſt as he lik'd beſt.
Of the Neck and the Breaſt I had next to diſpoſe;
'Twas a Neck and a Breaſt that might rival *Munroe's*:
But in parting with theſe I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's *H---d*, and *C---y*, and *H---rth*, and *H---ff*,
I think they love Veniſon---I know they love Beef.
There's my Countryman *Higgins*---Oh! let him alone,
For making a Blunder, or picking a Bone.

But hang it---to Poets who ſeldom can eat,
You very good Mutton's a very good Treat;
Such Dainties to them their Health it might hurt,
It's like ſending them Ruffles, when wanting a Shirt.
While thus I debated, in Reverie center'd,
An Acquaintance, a Friend as he call'd himſelf, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-ſpoken Fellow was he,
And he ſmil'd as he look'd at the Veniſon and me.
What have we got here?---Why this is good eating!
Your own I ſuppoſe---or is it in Waiting?
Why whoſe ſhould it be? cried I, with a Flounce,
I get theſe Things often;---but that was a Bounce:
Some Lords, my acquaintance, that ſettle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind---but I hate oſtentation.
If that be the caſe then, cried he, very gay,
I'm glad I have taken this Houſe in my Way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No Words---I inſiſt on't---preciſely at three:
We'll have *Johnſon*, and *Burke*, all the Wits will be there,
My acquaintance is ſlight, or I'd aſk my *Lord Clare*.
And now that I think on't, as I am a ſinner!
We wanted this Veniſon to make out the Dinner.

What ſay you---a paſty---it ſhall, and it muſt,
And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for cruſt.
Here, Porter---this Veniſon with me to *Mile-end*;
No ſtirring---I beg---my dear friend---my dear friend!
Thus ſnatchiug his hat, he bruſht off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my ſhelf,
And no body with me at ſea but myſelf;
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman haſty,
Yet *Johnſon*, and *Burke*, and a good veniſon paſty,
Were things that I never diſlik'd in my life,
Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and *Kitty* his Wife.
So next Day in due ſplendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair lumber'd cloſet juſt twelve feet by nine:)
My friend bade me welcome, but ſtruck me quite dumb,
With tidings that *Johnſon*, and *Burke* would not come,
For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
The one with his ſpeeches, and t'other with *Thrale*;
But not matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
Some thinks he writes *Cinna*--- he owns to *Panurge*.
While thus he deſcrib'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was ſerv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were ſeen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a ſwinging tureen;
At the ſides there was ſpinnage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the paſty---was not.
Now, my Lord, as for tripe its my uttter averſion,
And your Bacon I hate like a *Turk* or a *Perſian*;
So there I ſat ſtuck, like a horſe in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me moſt, was that d---'d *Scottiſh* Rogue,
With his long-winded ſpeeches, his ſmiles and his brogue.
And Madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poiſon,
A prettier dinner I never ſet eyes on;
Pray a ſlice of your liver, tho' may I be curſt,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burſt.
The Tripe, quoth the *Jew*, with his chocolate cheek,
I could dine on this tripe ſeven days in the week:

I like theſe here dinners ſo pretty and ſmall;
But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.
O---Oh! quoth my Friend, he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for ſomething that's nice:
There's a Paſty---a Paſty! repeated the *Jew*;
I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too.
What the De'il, Mon, a Paſty! re-echoed the *Scot*;
Though ſplitting, I'll ſtill keep a corner for that.
We'll all keep a corner, the Lady cried out;
We'll all keep a corner was ecchoed about.
While thus we reſolv'd, and the Paſty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the Maid;
A viſage ſo ſad, and ſo pale with affright,
Wak'd *Priam* in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could miſtake her?
That ſhe came with ſome terrible news from the Baker:
And ſo it fell out, for that negligent ſloven,
Had ſhut out the Paſty on ſhutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus---but let ſimiles drop----
And now that I think on't, the Story may ſtop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour miſplac'd,
To ſend ſuch good verſes to one of your taſte;

You've

You've got an odd ſomething---a kind of diſcerning---
A reliſh---a taſte---ſicken'd over by learning;
At leaſt, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very ſlightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiſs,
You make a miſtake, aud think ſlightly of this.

EPITAPH upon Dr. PARNEL.

THIS tomb, inſcrib'd to gentle PARNEL's name,
May ſpeak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his ſweetly-moral lay,
That leads to Truth thro' Pleaſure's flow'ry way?
Celeſtial themes confeſs'd his tuneful aid;
And Heav'n, that lent him Genius, was repaid.
Needleſs to him the tribute we beſtow,
The tranſitory breath of Fame below:
More laſting rapture from his Works ſhall riſe,
While Converts thank their Poet in the ſkies.

From the Oratorio of the CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

THE Wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on Hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids Expectation riſe.

Hope, like the glim'ring taper's light,
Adorns and chears the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recuring ever,
And turning all the paſt to pain;

Thou, like the world, th' oppreſt oppreſſing,
Thy ſmiles increaſe the wretch's woe?
And he who wants each other bleſſing,
In thee muſt ever find a foe.

The CLOWN's REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was deſired by two witty Peers
To tell them the reaſon why Aſſes had ears?
"An't pleaſe you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er from this time I ſhall ne'er ſee your *Graces*,
As I hope to be ſaved! without thinking on *Aſſes*.

Edinburgh, 1753.

EPITAPH on EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor NED PURDON, from miſery freed,
Who long was a Bookſeller's hack;
He led ſuch a damnable life in this world,---
I don't think, he'll wiſh to come back.

* This Gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having waſted his patrimony, he enliſted as a foot ſoldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his diſcharge, and became a ſcribler in the newſpapers. He tranſlated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

EPILOGUE *to the Comedy of* 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

WELL, having *Stoop'd to Conquer* with ſucceſs,
And gain'd a huſband without aid from dreſs,
Still as a bar-maid, I could wiſh it too,
As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you:
And let me ſay, for all your reſolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to pleaſe,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The Firſt Act ſhews the ſimple country-maid,
Harmleſs and young, of ev'ry thing afraid;
Bluſhes when hir'd, and, with unmeaning action,
"I hope as how to give you ſatisfaction."
Her Second Act diſplays a livelier ſcene—
Th' unbluſhing bar-maid of a country inn,
Who whiſks about the houſe, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the gueſts, and ſcolds the waiters.

Next the ſcene ſhifts to town, and there ſhe ſoars,
The chop-houſe toaſts of ogling connoiſſeurs.
On 'ſquires and cits ſhe there diſplays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers hearts:
And as ſhe ſmiles, her triumphs to compleat,
Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
The Fourth Act ſhews her wedded to the 'ſquire,
And Madam now begins to hold it higher;
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheapſide;
Ogles and leers with artificial ſkill,
'Till having loſt in age the power to kill,
She ſits all night at cards, and ogles at Spadille.
Such, thro' our lives, the eventful hiſtory—
The Fifth and laſt Act ſtill remains for me.
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female barriſter, and pleads for bayes.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few ſubjects which have been more written upon, and leſs underſtood, than that of Friendſhip; to follow the dictates of ſome, this virtue, inſtead of being the aſſuager of pain, becomes the ſource of every inconvenience. Such ſpeculiſts, by expecting too much from friendſhip, diſſolve the connexion, and by drawing the bands too cloſely, at length break them. Almoſt all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they perſuade us to friendſhips, which we find impoſſible to ſuſtain to the laſt; ſo that this ſweetner of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inacceſſible or uneaſy. It is certain, the beſt method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in ſome meaſure, make itſelf; a ſimilitude of minds or ſtudies, and even ſometimes a diverſity of purſuits, will produce all the pleaſures that ariſe from it. The current of tenderneſs widens, as it proceeds: and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at firſt only in purſuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendſhip is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loſes its real name, and aſſumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that thoſe who regularly undertake to cultivate friendſhip, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependance gathers round us, is almoſt

ever

ever unfriendly; they ſecretly wiſh the term of their connexions more nearly equal; and, where they even have the moſt virtue, are prepared to reſerve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increaſing the obligations which are laid upon ſuch minds only increaſes their burthen; they feel themſelves unable to repay the immenſity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent reſentment at the hand that is ſtretched out with offers of ſervice and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches; and as he was poſſeſſed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he reſolved to gather a circle of the beſt men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Muſidorus, with a mind juſt as fond of virtue, yet not leſs proud than his patron. His circumſtances, however, were ſuch as forced him to ſtoop to the good offices of his ſuperior, and he ſaw himſelf daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and proteſtations of friendſhip. Theſe, in the uſual courſe of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his eſteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the moſt trifling inſtances, and Plautinus had ſkill enough to obſerve the minuteſt actions of the man he wiſhed to make his friend. In theſe he ever found his aim diſappointed; for Muſidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, ſolicited by a variety of claims, could never think of beſtowing.

It may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that the reſerve of our poor proud man was ſoon conſtrued into ingratitude; and ſuch indeed in the common ac-

ceptation of the world it was. Wherever Muſidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was ſaid, and ſtill had the inſolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, juſtified his conduct. Plautinus, by miſplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Muſidorus firſt thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with aſſiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that ſtate of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this ſtory, taken from modern life, I ſhall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity:—'Two Jewiſh ſoldiers, in the time of Veſpaſian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of dangers at length, bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendſhip might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewiſh malecontents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the moſt inveterate enmity. They attached themſelves to oppoſite factions, and ſought each other's lives in the conflict of adverſe party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable ſpirit of averſion. At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the mean ſoldier

belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. Hiſtory has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that ſuperb edifice. The Roman ſoldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thouſands were ſeen amidſt them, within its ſacred circuit. It was in this ſituation of things, that the now-ſucceſsful ſoldier ſaw his former friend, upon the battlements of the higheſt tower, looking round with horror, and juſt ready to be con-ſumed with flames. All his former tenderneſs now returned; he ſaw the man of his boſom juſt going to periſh; and, unable to withſtand the impulſe, he ran ſpreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find ſafety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed, and, caſting himſelf from the top of the tower into his fellow-ſoldier's arms, both fell a ſacrifice on the ſpot; one being cruſhed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other daſhed to pieces by the greatneſs of his fall.'

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

IN a fair, rich, flouriſhing country, whoſe clifts are waſhed by the German Ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conqueſt wherever he thought proper; but the conſtancy of his diſpoſition fixed him only with Olinda.

He was indeed ſuperior to her in fortune, but that defect on her ſide was ſo amply ſupplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than ſhe. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a ſhort time, by joining hands publickly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the ſhafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unſafe, how deteſtable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themſelves, and plunge them in errors they would have ſhuddered at, even in apprehenſion! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly eſteemed by him, imagined herſelf ſlighted, and injuriouſly treated, ſince his marriage with Olinda. By incautiouſly ſuffering this jealouſy to corrode in her breaſt, ſhe began to give a looſe to paſſion: ſhe forgot thoſe many virtues, for which ſhe had been ſo long, and ſo juſtly applauded. Cauſeleſs ſuſpicion, and miſtaken reſentment, betrayed her into all the gloom of diſcontent: ſhe ſighed without ceaſing; the happineſs of

others

others gave her intolerable pain: ſhe thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what ſhe was, the chearful, the prudent, the compaſſionate Ariana!

She continually laboured to diſturb an union ſo firmly, ſo affectionately founded, and planned every ſcheme which ſhe thought moſt likely to diſturb it.

Fortune ſeemed willing to promote her unjuſt intentions; the circumſtances of Sabinus had been long embarraſſed by a tedious lawſuit, and the court determining the cauſe unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it ſunk his fortune to the loweſt pitch of penury from the higheſt affluence.

From the nearneſs of relationſhip, Sabinus expected from Ariana thoſe aſſiſtances his preſent ſituation required; but ſhe was inſenſible to all his entreaties, and the juſtice of every remonſtrance, unleſs he firſt ſeparated from Olinda, whom ſhe regarded with deteſtation. Upon a compliance with her deſires in this reſpect, ſhe promiſed her fortune, her intereſt, and her all, ſhould be at his command. Sabinus was ſhocked at the propoſal; he loved his wife with inexpreſſible tenderneſs, and refuſed thoſe offers with indignation which were to be purchaſed at ſo high a price: Ariana was no leſs diſpleaſed to find her offers rejected, and gave a looſe to all that warmth which ſhe had long endeavoured to ſuppreſs.

Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel roſe to ſuch a height, that Sabinus was marked for deſtruction; and the very next day, upon the ſtrength of an old family debt, he was ſent to

jail

jail, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miſeries. In this manſion of diſtreſs they lived together with reſignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domeſtic concern. Their fellow priſoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a deſire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying thoſe little comforts that a priſon affords, Sabinus and Olinda were ſure to be of the party. Inſtead of reproaching each for their mutual wretchedneſs, they both lightened it, by bearing each a ſhare of the load impoſed by providence. Whenever Sabinus ſhewed the leaſt concern on his dear partner's account, ſhe conjured him by the love he bore her, by thoſe tender ties which now united them for ever, not to diſcompoſe himſelf. That ſo long as his affection laſted, ſhe defied all the ills of fortune, and every loſs of fame or friendſhip.

That nothing could make her miſerable, but his ſeeming to want happineſs; nothing pleaſed but his ſympathiſing with her pleaſure. A continuance in priſon ſoon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet ſtill was neither found to murmur: they both looked upon their little boy, who, inſenſible of their or his own diſtreſs, was playing about the room with inexpreſſible yet ſilent anguiſh, when a meſſenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favour of a very diſtant relation, and who was now in another country, might be eaſily procured, and burnt, in which caſe, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A propoſal of ſo baſe a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the meſſenger immediately out of the room, and

falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of ſorrow: for now even all hopes of relief were baniſhed. The meſſenger who made the propoſal, however, was only a ſpy ſent by Ariana to ſound the diſpoſitions of a man ſhe loved at once and perſecuted.

This lady, though warped by wrong paſſions, was naturally kind, judicious and friendly. She found that all her attempts to ſhake the conſtancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual: She had, therefore, begun to reflect and to wonder, how ſhe could, ſo long and ſo unprovoked, injure ſuch uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herſelf heard the reception given to the meſſenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of ſuperior virtue; ſhe, therefore, reaſſumed her former goodneſs of heart; ſhe came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the ſeverity of her former treatment. She beſtowed her firſt care in providing them all the neceſſary ſupplies, and acknowledged them as the moſt deſerving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happineſs with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendſhip and aſſiſtance of Ariana, who dying ſoon after, left them in poſſeſſion of a large eſtate; and in her laſt moments confeſſed, that virtue was the only path to true glory; and that, however innocence may for a time be depreſſed, a ſteady perſeverance will in time lead it to a certain victory.

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An ELEGY on the Glory of her Sex,

Mrs. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From thoſe who ſpoke her praiſe.

The needy ſeldom paſs'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She ſtrove the neighbourhood to pleaſe,
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unleſs when ſhe was ſinning.

At church, in ſilks and ſattins new,
With hoop of monſtrous ſize,
She never ſlumber'd in her pew,—
But when ſhe ſhut her eyes.

Her

Her love was ſought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himſelf has follow'd her,—
When ſhe has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut ſhort all;
The Doctors found, when ſhe was dead,—
Her laſt diſorder mortal.

Let us lament, in ſorrow ſore,
For Kent-ſtreet well may ſay,
That had ſhe liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not dy'd to-day.

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THE END.